

Daily Democrat.

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

Up in the blue and starry sky,
A group of hours, one even,
Met as they took their upward flight,
Into the highest heaven.

And they were going there to tell
Of what had been done.

By little children, who had bad,
Since the last rain sun.

And some had gold and purple wings,

Some drooped like faded flowers,

And sadly went to tell the tale.

That they were mispent hours.

Some glowed with rosebuds and smiles,

And some with tears.

Others had some kind words and acts

To carry upward there.

A shining hour, with lovely plumes,

Went up to tell the deed.

Of which the little angel child

Had done to one in need.

And one was bearing up a prayer

A little boy had said,

Full of humility and love,

While kneeling by his bed.

And then they went up and gave

The tidings of the night.

To Him who marks each passing hour.

Of childhood's day and night.

Our Economical Soiree.

Economy in household expenses has come to be the leading idea of terrestrial existence in the minds of Mrs. Dobb and myself. We calculate closely. We never did before since we were married, that I can remember. But when bunter costs at the rate of five cents a dab, and everything else in proportion, housekeeping expenses become a serious matter.

I was musing upon the announcement that there was a rise of three cents the pound on veal since the day before—musing and eating, at the breakfast-table, when Mrs. Dobb spoke:

"James, did you know to-day was Sallie's birthday?"

"I did," said I. "How old is she now?"

"She is six years old, and I have promised a great party for her in the evening."

"Susan, will it cost any thing?"

"Why, but a trifle, James. Besides, Susan has never had a birthday party, you know."

"Sallie should not have her birthdays come so often, wife, in such times as these. How long is it since I bought her a self-operating locomotive for a birthday present?"

"That was Susie, my dear. It's perfectly distressing to me the way you do mix those up."

"But what will this soiree cost us, Susan? You are forever preaching economy at me, and I'd like to practice it a little, and let me preach. It's more fun to preach. I like it first-rate."

"Oh! there will have to be some nuts and apples bought."

"And some candy of course?"

"No—"

"What a baby party, and no candy?"

"If you won't interrupt me at every word, James, I'll tell you. I have bought two quarts of molasses, and I am going to make the candy myself. Now there's one of my shirts. I can get any credit for it."

"But what a dandy job, Susan! Stretching candy sticks!"

"Oh! I didn't mind it when you were a young man, Mr. Dobb. Have you forgotten the candy parties we used to have at our house when I was a girl, James? Such glorious times as we used to have in that old kitchen? Why, it was at one of those candy parties that you paid me the first compliment I ever received from you."

"I know what that was?"

"You said I was the sweetest girl in the room."

"That was because you were desub all over the molasses, my dear—as you'll be to-night again."

"I should think, James, that it would be a pleasure to you to revive here in the city, the recollections of those old days in farm-houses. Do you remember those big hooks in the ceiling of the kitchen that you threw a great many candies over to stretch it the easier, when Mary Howard helped you?"

"All those were happy days!" I said musingly, sipping my coffee.

"You enjoyed candy-making then, James."

"Yes," said I, coming back to the present and economy. "I enjoyed a great many foolish things when I was young and innocent—sorrows in my instance."

"Well, I haven't lost my zest for simple pleasures," said Mrs. D., with enthusiasm.

"If think it will be splendid to make the candy myself. I had a thousand times rather make it than buy it."

"Which accounts for one of your economic shifts that you never get any credit for, Eb, my dear?"

Mrs. Dobb looked daggers at me.

"Well, Susan, let's see what it will cost. What's molasses the pound now?"

"I paid sixty cents for two quarts."

"And apples?"

"A peck will supply the party; that will be a trifle cent more."

"A pound of candy, and a half for nuts. That makes three dollars, and a half for six cents."

It will be a very economical soiree."

"I should say it would, Mr. Dobb."

"Can I, papa?" said Sallie, looking up at her with a spoon between her lips.

"Can you what, darling?" I said.

Why, of course you can have the party?"

"And I hear—oh, you little blessed soul of gray, I led her to another spoon-father's he—of the full fondness of a

"We're art—"

"It's not be half, sis!" cried Fred from the side of the table.

He's a good boy, and a half for nuts.

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